

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.  
*Sat.* Ascend faire Queene, Pantheon Lords, accompany  
Your noble Emperour and his louely Bride,  
Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,  
Whose wisdom hath her Fortune conquered,  
There shall we consummate our spousall rites.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Titus.* I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride,  
*Titus* when wert thou wont to walke alone,  
Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs?

*Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.*

*Marcus.* O *Titus* see! O see what thou hast done!  
In a bad quarrell slaine a vertuous sonne.

*Titus.* No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,  
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deede,  
That hath dishonoured all our Family,  
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy sonnes.

*Lucius.* But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:  
Giue *Mutius* buriall with our bretheren.

*Titus.* Traytors away, he rests not in this tombe:  
This monument fife hundred yeares hath stood,  
Which I haue sumptuously reedified:  
Heere none but Souldiers and Romes Seruitors,  
Repose in fame: None basely slaine in braules,  
Bury him where you can he comes not heere.

*Marcus.* My Lord this is impiety in you,  
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,  
He must be buried with his bretheren.

*Titus two sonnes speakes.*

And shall, or him we will accompany.

*Titus.* And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?

*Titus sonne speakes*

He that would vouch it in any place but heere.

*Titus.*

*of Titus Andronicus.*

*Titus.* What would you bury him in my despight?

*Marcus.* No noble *Titus* but intreat of thee,  
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

*Titus.* *Marcus*, Euen thou hast stroke vpon my crest,  
And with these boyes mine honour thou hast wounded,  
My foes I doe repute you euery one.  
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

*3. Sonne.* He is not with himselfe, let vs withdraw.

*2. Sonne.* Not I till *Mutius* bones be buried.

*The brother and the sonnes kneele.*

*Marcus.* Brother, for in that name doth nature plead

*2. Sonne.* Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

*Titus.* Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede.

*Mar.* Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my soule.

*Lucius.* Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all,

*Marc.* Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre

His noble nephew heere in vertues nest,

That died in honour and *Lauius* cause.

Thou art a Romaine be not barbarous:

The Greekes vpon aduise did bury *Ajax*

That slew himselfe: and wise *Laertes* sonne,

Did graciously plead for his Funerals:

Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,

Bebard his entrance heere.

*Titus.* Rise *Marcus*, rise,

The dismalst day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonored by my sonnes in Rome:

Well bury him, and bury me the next.

*They put him in the Tombe.*

*Lucius.* There lieth thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy friends

Till we with Trophees do adorne thy tombe.

*They all kneele and say,*

No man shed teares for noble *Mutius*,  
He liues in fame that died in vertues cause.

*Exit*